

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1915.

NO. 30

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The city board of trustees met in regular session in the city hall last Monday evening.

Resolutions accepting easements for deeds to land for the right of way from Chestnut avenue to Mission road, to be called Grand avenue, were adopted.

Resolutions accepting license agreements with the Southern Pacific Company permitting sanitary sewer crossings under its railroad near Baden station and its branch railroad at the prolongation of Acacia avenue were adopted.

A resolution establishing elevations and grades for the new Grand avenue, between Chestnut avenue and Mission road, was adopted.

A communication was received from the local Woman's Club thanking the board for its prompt action in notifying property owners to clear weeds from their premises and having geraniums in the parking spaces along Grand avenue watered.

The communication was ordered filed.

A representative from the Library Bureau addressed the board in reference to the cost of equipping the new local library with necessary tables, chairs, shelves, etc.

A. Nieri of this city explained about window shades and floor coverings.

Several claims against the city were approved and ordered paid.

NEW BAKER IN TOWN.

The South San Francisco Bakery has employed a first-class pastry baker, and is now prepared to furnish a variety of luscious cakes for weddings, banquets, parties and the home. Orders will be promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. No occasion for sending your orders out of town. Give us a trial order for regular delivery of bread. You will like it. Trade with the home bakery. Advt.

Room and board in private family, reasonable rates. Close to highway. Best train, car and motor bus service. Mrs. Fraser, R. F. D. 1, Box 109, Lomita Park. Advt.

For Sale—My bicycle, in good condition, \$15; also my daughter's bicycle, \$5. C. N. Bertels, 760 Miller avenue. Advt.

For Sale at a Bargain—Two modern cottages on Baden avenue. Close in. E. E. Cunningham & Co. Advt.

Dressmaking and plain sewing. Mrs. Rhoda Corley, 349 Baden avenue. Advt.

For Rent—An eight-room house on Grand avenue. Apply at the city hall. Advt.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

W. W. Brawn and family are enjoying a vacation in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Labourdette of San Jose are visiting relatives and friends in this city for a few days.

Dave Ratto of the local bank has returned from an enjoyable trip to Los Angeles.

The Metropolitan Toggery will be closed all day to-morrow on account of Moose Day exercises at the exposition.

Mrs. Frederick W. Collier of Worcester, Mass., was a visitor to this city this week, the guest of her former schoolmate, Mrs. C. J. Hyde.

Shaw, Batcher & Co. have obtained the contract to construct a lot of 30-inch water pipe for the new water main across Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The Kauffmann Building on Grand avenue has been newly painted, which materially improves its appearance. Lodge Hall in Metropolitan Building has been newly tinted.

Mrs. W. C. Ditton of Earl Park, Indiana, who has been visiting the W. H. Coffinberry family, this week was suddenly called back to her eastern home, owing to the serious illness of her son.

City Clerk Smith says that the local assessment roll is now complete and ready for the inspection of taxpayers. The local board of equalization will hold meetings commencing on Monday, August 9th, when protests on valuations of city property will be heard.

An informal reunion of former college boys was held at the W. J. Martin residence last Thursday evening. Dave Martin acted as host to his friends, Warren Turner, Eugene Kern and Joseph Killian. Mr. Killian is on his way from Mexico to Idaho, where he will join Jack Martin in mining operations in that state.

Mrs. Jennie McCuen, formerly Mrs. Jennie Frost, is in a very critical condition in her home in Stockton. Her illness is caused by two paralytic strokes, following in close succession. Mrs. McCuen was for a long time a resident of our city and has many warm friends here who sympathize with her in her illness.

Miss Edith Ebey, daughter of Mrs. R. L. Ebey, and Paul Herman Manss were married last Thursday at a very simple wedding at San Mateo. They left shortly afterward for southern California. On returning, they will be at home, after August 15th, at the Ross-Early Apartments. The bride is well known in eastern literary circles. She was educated in France and Sweden, living part of the time with her grandfather, who was a Swedish nobleman. Mr. Manss is a son of Frederick H. Manss, a prominent lumber man of this state. He is a graduate of Cornell and is associated with his father in the lumber business.—S. F. Examiner, July 20th.

SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS.

The new high school rooms have been extensively improved. Class rooms have been added for the different departments, and new furniture has been installed. The way school attendance is increasing, before another year it will be necessary to build a new high school building on the civic center site.

The children's playground to the west of the Baden avenue school will be covered with an asphalt top before school opens for the fall term.

The boys' handball court is being improved and strengthened.

The local school board is using every endeavor to keep the school department in a first-class condition, consistent with the amount of funds under its control.

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Advt.

FULLER EMPLOYEES HAVE GOOD TIME AT EXCURSION

The fourth annual excursion and picnic given by the employees of W. P. Fuller & Co. last Sunday was one continual round of pleasure from the time the Sunol left South San Francisco wharf until the return at 8:35 p. m. It would take several columns of space to tell of all the pleasures one experienced on the trip. It was one of our fine California days, cool, sunshiny and pleasant.

Music was furnished by our local musician, Joseph M. Fagundes.

The General Frisbie left promptly at 9:30 o'clock, with flags and bunting flying and music playing. Then the fun began. Glen Cove was reached at 11:45, where the committees began to get busy.

There was dancing in the pavilion, followed by the famous old-style family lunch, where an awful hard fight was on from the youngest to the oldest guest to see who could stow away the most chicken, pie, cake, ice cream and lots of other good eatables too numerous to mention.

Then came the games. The chief of all, the tug-of-war, the Stacks against the World. Ah, what a fine-looking crowd of men, every bit the athletes, captained by F. J. Lawie of the Stacks and W. G. Fulford, the World. Cleats were placed on the landing that extends out into the water, in full view of the shore, where the large crowd of spectators awaited the pistol shot that was to start the 2299 pounds of muscle and bone to victory and triumph.

The teams take their positions. When all is ready the pistol shot is fired. Then the work begins, and lo, the World moves and the Stacks move. The Stacks have eaten too much chicken, pie and ice cream. The World moves, and in just 22 seconds the World moves the Stacks across the line, winners. The World team enjoyed a dinner on their arrival in San Francisco.

Potato and sack races, pie eating and nail driving contests, human wheelbarrow at 50 yards and egg and spoon races were held, South San Francisco employees getting their share of the prizes.

Promptly at 4:55 p. m. Glen Cove was left behind, and the trip home was made with music and dancing.

Everybody had the time of their lives. Five hundred and forty-five people were aboard the General Frisbie.

"A NIGHT IN IRELAND"

"A Night in Ireland," under the auspices of the ladies of St. Patrick's booth in Metropolitan Hall last evening, was a successful affair. The attendance was large and a splendid entertainment was given. It was given for the benefit of the building fund of All Souls' Church in this city.

The program was as follows: Irish specialties, Ursula Murphy and Earl Haughey; Irish jig and reel, Misses Aileen and Josephine Keohane; Irish specialties, Miss Dorothy Wise; Irish melodies, Mrs. M. F. Brennan; Irish, and Proud of It, Dan Casey; "Scenes of Ireland," lecturer, Rev. Thomas F. O'Malley.

For Sale—One large wagon, at a bargain. Apply office Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Advt.

Do You Want a Home?

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will build you a house on any lot in South San Francisco, on very easy terms. Select your lot, choose your design and apply at the Company's office, 306 Linden avenue, for full particulars.

"MOOSE" DAY ARRANGED AT THE EXPOSITION

To-morrow is "Moose" Day at the exposition, when the delegates to the supreme lodge, held at San Diego, with the members of the lodges about the bay, are to parade to the grounds from Market and Golden Gate avenue.

The parade is to form at 10:30 o'clock and is due at 12:30 at the California building, where the formal ceremonies are to take place. Walter E. Dorn is to preside, and addresses are to be made by Supreme Dictator M. M. Garland, Supreme Dictator-elect E. J. Henning and Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard.

A competitive drill is to be held in front of the tower of jewels at 2:30 o'clock.

The Moose convention has divided its sessions between San Diego and San Francisco, meeting for three days in each city in order to observe "strict neutrality" between the two expositions. Fifteen hundred delegates have arrived and 20,000 members are expected to take part in the sessions at the Moose Auditorium.

A large delegation of Moose will go from this city in special electric cars, leaving the bank corner at 8:20 a. m.

TWO SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gindorff of Los Angeles spent Monday last in this city as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cunningham. The Gindorff boys, Will and John, are long-time friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

These two boys were left as orphans in the big city of San Francisco before they were of school age. They began to earn their living at this tender age and gained their education by attending school at night while working for their daily bread during the day.

Both boys passed this trying ordeal successfully and grew into strong, capable men.

John has been in the employment of Raphael Weil's White House for over twenty years, where he holds a responsible position.

Will is in business for himself at Los Angeles, and both are happily married.

This mention is made to show what boys can do if they have the right kind of stuff in them.

Professor Huxley calls it a "corollary dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and a cenertal placentation." That is the short for primrose.

Gardening—The undersigned does all kinds of gardening, pruning and grafting in a first-class manner. Leave orders with P. Ruiz, at Baden Cash Store. David Corscatt, 2-8m. Advt.

JUDGE CRIST'S STOLEN AUTO RECOVERED HERE

An automobile belonging to Superior Judge Crist of San Francisco was stolen the other day while it was standing in front of the Palace Hotel in that city. This morning the machine was discovered in the sand near the pump house on Chestnut avenue, where it had evidently been driven some time during last night.

Judge Crist came to this city this morning and recovered his property.

BASEBALL

The South City Merchants will play the San Francisco Athletics Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The Merchants will have a strong line-up and a good game is predicted. The line-up will be as follows:

Merritt, center field; Maderas, left field; Russo, first base; H. Hyland, third base; Fourcans, right field; Cordano, shortstop; Howard, second base; Guenley, pitcher; Carriero, catcher; Ryan, substitute.

Silas—I hear your son left that small town and went to the city to have a larger field for his efforts.

Hiram—Yes; and that's what gets me. When Hank was home, a two-acre potato patch was too big a field for him.—Judge.

THE HUB

Is now giving a Special Sale. Big reductions on Boys' and Men's Suits and on Ladies' and Girls' Dresses. Come and get your children ready for school.

Boys' Suits at \$5.50, for	\$3.98
Men's Suits at \$18.50, for	\$13.75
Men's Suits at \$22.50, for	\$15.00
Ladies' Dresses at \$1.50, for	\$1.24
Girls' Dresses at \$1.50, for	\$1.22
Girls' Dresses at 75c, for	49c
Men's Scotch Wool Underwear at \$4.00, for	\$3.00
Men's Wool Underwear at \$3, for	\$2.50
Men's Dress Shirts at \$1.50, for	\$1.12
Men's Hats at \$3.00, for	\$2.25
Men's Hats at \$2.50, for	\$1.69
Ladies' Silk Waists at \$4.00, for	\$2.50
Ladies' Silk Waists at \$5.00, for	\$3.00
Shoes at \$2.50 and \$3, for	\$1 and \$1.50

COME AND VISIT US



ASSURED SAFETY
PAYABLE QUARTERLY
7.06 Per Cent

Annual Interest Return on Investment in the
FIRST PREFERRED STOCK
PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

One of the Largest Public Utilities in the United States

A few attractive features of this unusually sound investment are:
The principal franchises of the company are perpetual. It gives service to 177 cities and towns and 400,000 consumers.

This issue has been approved by the California Railroad Commission. It is not subject to taxation for any purpose.

Is exempt from taxation in California, and not subject to the normal Federal income tax.

The net revenue is steadily increasing, being at present FIVE TIMES the dividend requirements.

Full reports, application blanks, etc.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company

REDWOOD DISTRICT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Bank of South San Francisco

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS

Luxuries indulged in at the expense of necessities lead to unhappiness in families and weakness of nations.

JULIUS STEGER IN "THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT"

Presented at the Royal Theatre, Sunday, July 25th.

Carl Winters is a teacher of music at the New York college of music. Among his pupils is Alice Winthrop, daughter of Stephen Winthrop, a banker. Carl and Alice are lovers. His employer, Director Bergh, witnesses a love scene between the two in the college, and he dismisses Carl and informs the father of Alice of her love affair. The banker warns Alice that she must not see Winters again. The girl assures her father of Carl's honorable intentions and pleads to have him grant Winters an interview. The banker refuses. The girl tells Carl what has happened and that her father will leave the city with her for a long period. Carl asks her to become his wife. She consents and they are married. When Alice tells her father of her marriage, he orders her from his home.

Carl and Alice spend their honeymoon in Carl's boarding house. Carl accepts an offer to become musical director in Rio de Janeiro. Alice promises to join him there as soon as he is established. Several months pass. The banker learns that his daughter is to become a mother. Mr. Winthrop goes to her and persuades her to return to his home. Alice in her correspondence with her husband has not told him of her secret so as to cause him no worry in his new position. Winthrop in his hatred for Carl intercepts and destroys the letters and cables which the husband and wife send to each other.

Carl has met with success in his new position, but is distressed at receiving no news from his wife. A daughter is born to Alice, who died from septic poisoning. Carl, alarmed by his wife's silence, resolves to return and to bring his wife back with him. Before his departure he receives a cable from her father announcing the death of his daughter, Carl's wife. After a long illness, Carl leaves the hospital, friendless and disheartened. He earns a livelihood singing in amusement places, accompanied by a

harp player, a faithful fellow, devoted to Carl, his teacher.

Years have gone by. Carl's daughter, of whose existence he has been kept ignorant, is now a girl of seventeen years. Her father in South America has become gray and old and is making a living as a street singer. His wish is to visit the grave of his wife, and he returns with his harpist to New York.

One day his daughter, while out riding, is attracted by the sounds of music. She speaks to the singer and invites him to come to her home the next day, which is her birthday, to play and sing for her. Carl consents. Carl and the harpist go to the Winthrop home and he sings for the young girl, whose identity is unknown to him, the song he had often sung for his wife, for whom he composed it.

The girl goes to dress for dinner, asking Carl to continue the song. He sees a photograph. It is the portrait of his wife. The banker enters and accuses Carl and the harpist of being impostors and thieves. Carl learns from Winthrop that the young girl is the child of Winthrop's daughter—Carl's own child. Winthrop orders Carl from the house when Carl tells him that he is the father of the girl. The banker offers Carl money to conceal his identity. Carl refuses the money, but resolves to go out of his daughter's life to preserve her happiness. After a final meeting with his daughter he is about to leave the house when the banker, filled with remorse, tells his grandchild, "Alice, this man is your father. You must honor thy father and thy mother, so sayeth the fifth commandment." The story ends with father and daughter embracing, the banker asking Carl's forgiveness.

One of the best programs ever seen in the Royal Theatre will be shown next Monday, July 26th, consisting of a two-reel Chaplin comedy, "The Tramp," and one of the strongest three-reel features ever produced, "The Stoning," featuring Viola Dana.

BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS OF CALIFORNIA SPEND MUCH MONEY WITHIN THE STATE

The question continually arises, Does it pay to buy goods in your home town—patronize your home paper—buy goods manufactured in California?

There is no better example of what an industry will do for a state than that of the biscuit manufacturers. Nearly a half a million dollars are annually spent in one city alone for labor.

The San Francisco biscuit manufacturers alone annually use 10,000,000 pounds of flour, 1,500,000 pounds of sugar, 800,000 pounds of butter, lard, etc., 100,000 pounds of figs, 100,000 pounds of raisins, 80,000 pounds of honey, together with thousand of gallons of milk. One alone uses 100,000 pounds of ground chocolate bought within the state.

The farmers who produce the flour, the figs, the raisins, the butter, the milk and the numerous other raw products in lesser amounts certainly profit from this great California industry.

In addition to this long list of raw products, the biscuit manufacturers consume millions of cartons and wrappers, thousands of paper containers, wooden boxes, tins and thousands of pounds of paper for wrappers, etc.

If these manufacturers did not believe in spending their money at home, think of the millions of dollars that we, the people of California, now receive, that would otherwise go east. Yet in spite of all this, there are people who thoughtlessly ask for the eastern product—when it is not one cent cheaper and when the eastern cracker or cookie is not nearly so fresh as those manufactured at home.

Yet it happens every day. People buy eastern-made products—trade with merchants in another town—subscribe and advertise in all kinds of out-of-town newspapers and publications—yet every time they spend

money in this way they send money away from their own community where they have absolutely no chance to get it back again.

In other words, every dollar sent out of a community lessens by one dollar the amount of money in circulation in that particular community.

And remember, it is the money in actual circulation that spells the difference between good and bad times.

Took Away His Support.

"Johnny!" exclaimed the teacher sternly. "What are you fumbling with?"

Johnny hung his head and was silent, but the telltale of the class piped up:

"It's a pin he's got, teacher."

Well, take it from him and bring it to me."

This was done, and in a mollified tone the teacher said:

"Now, Johnny, get up and recite your history lesson."

But Johnny blushed, hung his head and sat still.

"Johnny," commanded the teacher, "rise, I tell you!"

"I can't, ma'am," wept Johnny;

"that there pin you took is what holds up me trousers."

A man rambled into a village cafe, selected a table, and told the attending waiter to bring him half a duck. Fifteen minutes went by, then another fifteen, and yet another. Finally the man at the table began to show symptoms of impatience. "What can I do for you, sir?" asked the waiter, going over to the table in response to an imperative call. "What about my order?" demanded the diner. "How soon do I get that half a duck?" "Just as soon as somebody comes in and orders the other half," was the calm rejoinder. "You don't think we can go out and kill half a duck, do you?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

There was no doubt about the fact that Jack MacFaddy was a Scotsman. Last year, when journeying to the country on an important errand, he left his purse, containing nearly \$500

in gold and silver, at the railway station from which he started.

He telegraphed the fact on his arrival and the purse was kept till his return a month later.

It was a young clerk who handed Jackie MacF. his wee purse with the "spondies" as he set foot out of the train, and certain wild hopes were making that young man's heart beat a trifle unevenly.

But our canny Scot counted his money unheeding, and when he'd finished he looked up long and suspiciously at the young man.

"I-Isn't it right, sir?" stammered the latter, in bewilderment.

"Richt—richt! It's richt enough, but where's the interest, mon?" was MacFaddy's stern retort.

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.

To keep abreast of progress and note not only the developments in science, invention and discovery, but even the tendencies toward change, is no small contract—even in war time. The August Popular Mechanics Magazine, however, contains 272 articles, covering a wide range of subjects, and 376 illustrations, many of which are most unusual. Thirteen consecutive pages of views are used to depict the conditions in the European war zone. The pictures are impartially chosen and show many phases of the great conflict. An article on "Handling Transatlantic Mails in War" tells how this important public utility has been hampered, and what means are taken to safeguard the service.

Besides the war pictures, there are a number of fine page views and groups of views in the August magazine. One of these shows a young airman in midair, dropping a wreath to the waters of San Francisco bay at the point where Lincoln Beachey lost his life. Others show how moving pictures are displayed in daylight; the overhauling of the dreadnaught Florida after a sham battle; thrilling motion-picture stunts in which the risks are not faked; how sewage is purified by bacteria; the aerial conflict between a British aeroplane and a Zeppelin, in which the Zeppelin was destroyed; Chicago working people going to work during the great car strike, etc.

A boom town of the western frontier type, but located in Virginia, is described in an illustrated article. War orders from Great Britain and her allies for ammunition and high explosives so completely swamped a large American powder company that it was compelled to increase its factory facilities. The Virginia boom town is the result. Another interesting by-product of the war is a prismatic compass for night marching. The compass has luminous patches by which it is easily sighted at night. Other features of the August magazine are: "Barge That Is Propelled by Automobile"; "Saving Mount Vernon Site from Destruction"; "Golf Course Is Preserved by Use of Cement"; "Camera Shows Wonders of Minute Objects"; "Civic Flag Is Adopted by Pennsylvania Town"; "Elevator Tower Is Built Like Pneumatic Tube"; "Logic in Speedway Design Shown by Chicago Races"; "High-Speed Flying Boat of a New Type"; "Picturesque Park for California Resort"; "Attractive Garages at Moderate Costs"; "Seeing Bullets Fly," by Edward C. Crossman; "Novel Hardware Display at San Francisco"; "Sidecars Carry Band in Night Cycle Parade," etc.

The Shop Notes and Amateur Mechanics departments abound with interesting material, every article being written so you can understand it and nearly all illustrated.

A farmhand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit," he said to the farmer at the end of the month. You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do, and fool my time away sleeping."

"I think that women ought to have the ballot."

"Do they really want it?"

"They must want it. Some of them are working so ardently for suffrage that they are paying absolutely no attention to dress."

HIGH-TESTING CREAM

Advantages to the Creamery Man and Farmer—Fat Content 30 to 35 Per Cent Most Satisfactory.

The average fat content of cream delivered to many creameries is approximately 25 per cent. This means that, in some instances, the test is above and in others below this average. It is evident that many creamery managers, as well as many farmers, do not understand the loss involved in handling thin cream.

Cream testing 30 to 35 per cent is the most satisfactory to the farmer and to the creamery man. A comparison of low-testing with high-testing cream reveals, for the high-testing cream, these advantages:

(a) To the creamery man—
1) Less bulk to handle, hence less labor, fewer churnings, smaller equipment and building.
(2) Less buttermilk, hence less loss of fat in buttermilk.
(3) Less cost to pasteurize, about one-half as much steam being required per 100 pounds of fat in 34 per cent cream as in 17 per cent; two-thirds as much in 33 per cent as in 22 per cent cream. In cooling the cream less water or brine is required for the handling of the same amount of fat when the cream is rich than when it is thin.

(4) In pasteurizing sour cream, the formation of large curd particles, with the attendant loss of butter fat, is avoided to a great extent if the cream contains more than 30 per cent fat.

(b) To the farmer—
(1) Less bulk to handle, hence fewer cans and smaller cooling tank required. Fifty pounds of 34 per cent cream and 100 pounds of 17 per cent cream both contain the same number of pounds of fat.

(2) Less bulk to cool, hence less ice or cold water required; quicker cooling, hence less deterioration. Cream spoils in a short time if not cooled quickly and held at a temperature below 50 degrees F.

(3) Less bulk to haul to creamery.
(4) Better keeping qualities of the cream. It is not the fat but the other solids in the cream which become sour and spoil. As thin cream contains more of these solids, it sours sooner than thick cream.

(5) More skimmed milk kept on the farm. The farmer who delivers 100 pounds of fat in 17 per cent cream delivers 294 pounds of skimmed milk more than if he delivered 34 per cent cream. Unless the buttermilk is returned free this is a dead loss to him. At 25 cents a hundred pounds it amounts to nearly 75 cents, or three-fourths of a cent on each pound of butter fat delivered.

Farmers sometimes offer the following objections to high-testing cream: (1) Thick cream may stick to the can and be a loss to the farmer; (2) improper samples may be taken because of insufficient mixing; (3) a high test is more likely to be cut than a low one. In a properly operated factory, however, these objections do not hold good, and the creamery man who would have his patrons deliver rich cream will manage the plant so efficiently that there will be no grounds upon which to base such objections.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Weekly News Letter.

Where They Agreed.

The elderly, benevolent-looking gentleman approached the man and his wife who were quarreling bitterly.

"My dear friend," he said, "this won't do at all, you know."

"What have you got to do with it?" snarled the man.

"Nothing at all, except so far as I can help in settling this dispute."

"There ain't no dispute," growled the belligerent.

"No dispute? But my dear friend—"

"I tell you there ain't no dispute. She thinks she ain't going to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't. So where's any dispute?"

Buyers Are the People Who Read Advertisements. They Know Their Wants, but Want to Know Where to Supply Them.

South San Francisco RAILROAD TIME TABLE

JUNE 15, 1915.	
BAY SHORE CUTOFF	
NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE	
6:08 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:01 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:16 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:42 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:03 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:44 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
9:23 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
9:53 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
11:28 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
1:42 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
3:42 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
5:14 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
5:32 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:04 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:28 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:24 p. m.	(Except Saturday and Sunday)
11:39 p. m.	(Saturday and Sunday)
SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE	
6:47 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
7:17 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:28 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
10:58 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
11:58 a. m.	(Except Sunday)
1:37 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
3:17 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
4:36 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
5:24 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
5:58 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
6:25 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
6:47 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
8:27 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
10:16 p. m.	(Except Sunday)
12:02 p. m.	(Theatre Train)

POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Mails leave Postoffice twenty minutes before trains.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF MAIL.

Mail arrives—	
From the north at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	12:13 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	2:18 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	3:41 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	4:26 p. m.
Mail leaves—	
For the south at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	8:04 a. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	12:13 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	2:18 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	3:41 p. m.
" " south " " " " " " " " " "	4:26 p. m.
" " north " " " " " " " " " "	7:03 p. m.

CITY OFFICIALS

TRUSTEES—G. W. Holston (President), F. A. Cunningham, Geo. H. Wallace, J. H. Kelley, J. C. McGovern. Clerk and Deputy Tax Collector.... W. J. Smith. Treasurer.....E. P. Kauffmann. Attorney.....J. W. Coleherd. Engineer and Supt. of Streets.....George A. Kneese. Recorder.....Wm. Rehberg. Marshal.....H. W. Kneese. Night Watchman.....W. P. Acheson. Health Officer.....Dr. I. W. Keith. BOARD OF HEALTH—E. E. Cunningham, William Hickey, Dr. I. W. Keith, George Kneese (Secretary). SCHOOL TRUSTEES—C. C. Conrad, E. N. Brown, J. J. Dowd.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck. Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain. Tax Collector.....A. McSweeney. District Attorney.....Franklin Swart. Assessor.....C. D. Hayward. County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash. County Recorder.....H. O. Heiner. Sheriff.....M. Sheehan. Auditor.....J. J. Shields. Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud. Coroner.....James W. Neuman. Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D. Officials—First Township Supervisor.....James T. Casey. Justices of the Peace.....E. C. Johnson, John F. Davis, Constables.....Jas. C. Wallace, J. H. Parker.

Postmaster.....E. E. Cunningham

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THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
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E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

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One Year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six Months ".....1.00
Three Months "......50

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1915.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, held its class initiation and banquet in Metropolitan Hall last Tuesday evening.

A large crowd of Foresters and Companions attended. High Chief Ranger J. P. Murphy was promptly placed in charge of the ceremonies, ably assisted by High Secretary Ed Cameron (who while not a member of Court Violet is and has been a father to Court Violet) and Deputy Supreme Chief Ranger G. W. Kuss, F. Lejeal, High Journal Secretary Walter Silver, E. N. Beard, Leon Cameron of Court San Francisco, No. 10, and other visiting Companions and Foresters. They are visiting the exposition. Chief among these was our Honorable Assistant Supreme Chief Ranger Frank E. Hand of Los Angeles, who, being an inspiration of good fellowship, was more than welcomed by the large audience who listened to the words of wisdom spoken by this whole-souled Forester. He explained the reasons why the organization is more than 100 per cent solvent and gaining in membership, while the world war of Europe is causing such devastation of life and property throughout the world, explaining why Forestry teaches the membership in caring for the sick and needy in daily life as well as after death.

Brother Hand presented Forester Hagedorn with a beautiful gold ring with the emblem thereon, for bringing in the largest number of candidates and for good work done in general in Court Violet.

After the initiatory work, everybody sat down to a lunch that can only be found in South San Francisco, prepared as Foresters' wives and Companions know how, that makes a visitor feel at home, and a return visit is always assured.

The northern jurisdiction of California high court will open Monday, July 25th, in Oakland. Several trainloads of delegates will attend. Court Violet will be represented by three delegates. A large delegation is assured, as Tuesday, July 27th, is Foresters' Day at the exposition. Foresters from every part of Canada and the United States have registered at the various hotels in San Francisco and Oakland. Foresters and Companions who participate in the parade will meet at the Scott street entrance to the exposition. Assistant Supreme Chief Ranger Frank E. Hand will be chief spokesman in accepting the plaque for the Foresters. At 8:30 p. m. the Foresters will be guests at a dansant in the California building.

F. O. E.

Harry Edwards, a fraternal correspondent of The Enterprise, has furnished this office with excerpts from a sermon by Robert Lucius Wheeler, D. D., entitled "Why I Became an Eagle," that will be published next week.

Help! Help! Help!

If You Need Help a Want Ad.
Will Get You a New Maid.

Truth Is Found at the Bottom of the Well—ALSO IN THIS PAPER.

GRACE CHURCH.

"Shield of Faith" is the subject for the fifth address.

To-morrow, the eighth Sunday after Trinity, we consider the subject of faith in the building of Christian character.

The service will be at the usual hour, 11 o'clock, and will consist of morning prayer and litany. Sunday school at 10 o'clock.

Confirmation Class.

It is a special favor to us that Bishop Nichols is to be with us on Sunday, September 5th, to administer the apostolic rite of confirmation. The class for adults will meet at 7:45 every Monday evening. The meetings of the class will be open to every one wishing to come. At the end of the sessions, those desiring will be presented for confirmation.

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine."

Tuesday Evening Service.

Evening prayer at 7:45, on Tuesday, with short address. All are welcome.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. J. E. Squires, state secretary of the International Reform Association, of which Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts is the superintendent, will be the preacher in the Methodist Church to-morrow night. His subject is "The Challenge of the Child; or, The Boy and His Foes."

Mr. Squires is a most interesting speaker. You are cordially invited to attend. C. N. Bertels, Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.
Preaching service at 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.
Junior League Friday afternoon at 3:30.
C. N. Bertels, Pastor.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Junior League Tuesday afternoon at 3.

SAN BRUNO REAL ESTATE.

Why pay rent when a very small deposit down will secure a home for you. Balance like rent. Also lots for sale at \$25 down, balance \$5 a month. No interest, no tax. Then besides we have houses, furnished and unfurnished, at very reasonable rents. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing. See L. M. Pfluger. Advt.

USE OF SWEET PEPPERS

Popular Vegetable—Easily Obtained in Most Markets—Peppers Eaten Alone and With Many Kinds of Food.

Sweet garden peppers, either green or after they have turned color, are deservedly popular vegetables, whose use has become common throughout the United States rather recently. Another name for this vegetable is pimiento. Sometimes it is called pimento, though this is not correct—pimento really meaning allspice. Sweet peppers can be grown easily in the garden and are a common market crop. They should have a place in the home vegetable plot, along with the sharp red peppers used for seasoning pickles, etc., which they resemble in all respects except flavor, where the red peppers are biting.

Sweet peppers may well be planted generously, for they have many uses on the table and any surplus may be canned. Good methods for this purpose have been worked out by experts of the department of agriculture as part of the canning club work. In large markets green peppers can be had almost all the year, as they bear shipment well. Raw green peppers are very useful for seasoning for salad making, and so on. As is always the case with vegetables, they should be washed before use. They are used also in making many dishes, of which baked stuffed peppers is well known. The top of the pepper is cut off, the "core" and seeds removed, and the pepper filled with awell-seasoned stuffing and baked until tender and brown. If one wishes, a little butter and water or stock may be poured into the pan with the peppers to keep them moist. Cornbeef hash is a popular stuffing, as is boiled rice and chopped chicken seasoned with celery, a bit of onion, and so on. Rice and nuts may also be used, or a mixture of rice and vegetables with butter and seasoning. Before canning, and before cooking if one wishes (though this is not necessary), the outer skin of the peppers may be removed by placing them in a hot oven until the skin blisters and cracks, which should not be more than ten minutes, and then removing it with the aid of a slender knife.

Sweet peppers, either fresh or canned, are particularly good chopped or pounded fine and mixed with cottage cheese. Such cheese may be served with salad or used as a filling for sandwiches and in similar ways. Department of agriculture publications contain a number of suggestions for the use of sweet peppers and for making sweet pepper dishes.

Some methods of preparing them, recently tested in the office of home economics, follow:

Cream of Pimiento Soup.

2 tablespoons butter.
3 tablespoons flour.

2 ounces ripe pimientos, cut into small pieces.
1 cup water, or stock.
3 cups milk.
A few drops onion juice.
Salt.

Cook the pimientos in the water or stock until they are soft, and rub them through a sieve, saving the water. Melt the butter, and cook the flour in it, being careful not to brown the mixture. Add the milk, pimientos and the water in which they were cooked, and reheat, stirring constantly. Season with the onion juice and salt. A small piece of onion cooked with the pimientos can be substituted for the onion juice.

Creamed Eggs With Sweet Peppers.

4 hard-boiled eggs.
3 tablespoons butter.
3 tablespoons flour.
½ teaspoon salt.
1 cup milk or cream.
½ cup juice from canned pimientos.
2 canned pimientos cut into small pieces.

Heat together the butter and the flour until the flour is thoroughly cooked, being careful not to brown the mixture. Gradually add the milk and juice from the pimientos. Stir until smooth and add the pimientos and seasonings. Cut the eggs in slices or in quarters, pour the sauce over them and reheat in the oven. Sometimes this dish is covered with buttered crumbs and baked long enough to brown the top.

The hard-boiled eggs may be dropped into the sauce and then the mixture may be poured over toast or crackers or served with a border of boiled rice.

Fried Sweet Peppers.

Fried sweet peppers make an attractive garnish to serve with mutton chops, lamb chops, pork chops, ham, or veal cutlet. Clean the peppers as usual, cut into three or four pieces and saute until tender and lightly browned, using butter or other fat enough to keep them from burning. If canned peppers are used, drain carefully and allow them to stand until they have dried a little.

Steak Smothered in Sweet Peppers.

1½ pounds beef round steak.
2 cub bread crumbs.
1 small onion.
A little sage or mixed poultry seasoning.
1 quart of mixture of canned tomatoes and canned peppers, or
1 quart of mixture of fresh sweet peppers and fresh tomatoes cut in slices.

Spread over the steak a layer of bread crumbs mixed with the onion and other seasonings. Roll and tie into shape. Place the meat in a casserole or other dish with a cover. Pour the tomatoes and pepper over the meat and cook very slowly in the oven or on top of the stove for three or four hours. If the tomatoes and peppers do not cover the meat, add a little boiling water.

Veal cutlet can be used in place of steak.

Many other recipes are given in a circular recently issued by the department, which is intended primarily for the canning clubs, but is of much interest to housewives who wish recipes for peppers. The first part of the circular deals with the cultivation and growth of peppers. This circular may be had free upon application to the department.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Weekly News Letter.

The minister of a small Missouri town called the grocer on the phone the other day and gave the following order:

"Send a dollar's worth of meat out to my house. If there is no one at home just poke it through the key-hole."

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FRATERNAL DIRECTORY.

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. M., meets in Metropolitan Hall every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
Henry Veit, Secretary.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.
CHAS. MERCKS, Chief Ranger.
AUG. ELIASSEN, Secretary.

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.
W. W. McDonald, Master.
H. F. Minglehoff, Secretary.

South San Francisco Lodge No. 850, The Fraternal Brotherhood, meets every second and fourth Mondays in Lodge Hall.
Dora Harder, President.
Clara Broner, Secretary.

Tippecanoe Tribe No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
Martin Hyland, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.

South City Aerie No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall at 8 p. m.
Geo. E. Kiossler, Worthy President.
Geo. A. Kneese, Secretary.
Visiting brothers welcome.

San Mateo Lodge No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' P. and B. A., meets every first and third Monday in the Lodge Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Peter Lind, President.
J. E. Sullivan, Secretary.

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New Spring Styles

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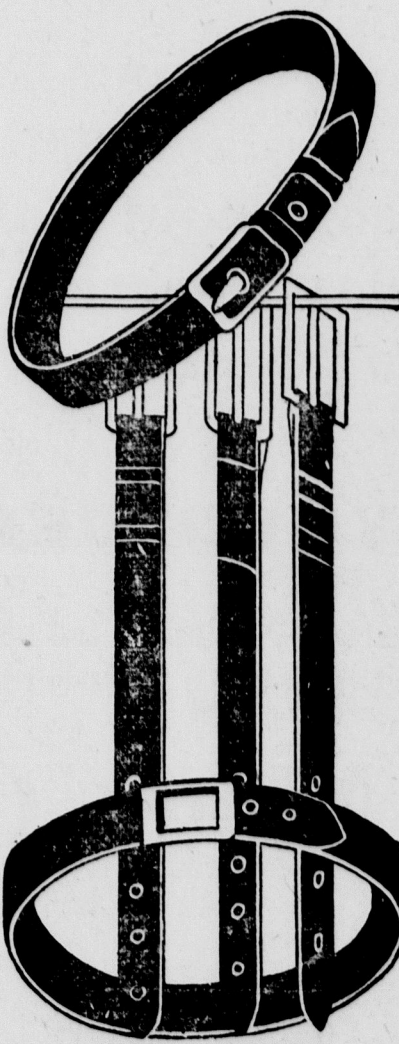
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Good service is our middle name.



THE METROPOLITAN TOGGERY

Outfitters for Men

Cor. Grand and Linden Aves.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

The county board of supervisors met in regular session in Redwood City last Monday.

Contractors Daly and McKenzie were instructed to make alterations in County Assessor Hayward's office costing \$212.50, and supplying steeple-jacks, rigging, etc., for putting and painting the court house flagpole, at a cost of \$78.50.

The report of the superintendent of the county hospital for the month ending June 30th showed that he had taken care of forty-three inmates, three of whom were discharged.

The returns of the election held on Friday, July 16th at Colma, for the purpose of forming two sanitary districts, known as sanitary districts Nos. 1 and 2, were opened and it was found that 75 votes were cast in favor and 88 against in District No. 1 and 30 in favor and 89 against in District No. 2.

The result of the election was declared in accordance with the votes as shown.

Chairman Francis reported that certain gardeners at Granada in the fourth township were using the sides of the highway at that place for growing vegetables, as a result of which considerable damage was being done to the highway by water from irrigating ditches running across it. After considerable discussion the matter was referred to the district attorney, who was instructed to incorporate a provision covering this nuisance in the ordinance governing traffic.

A communication was received from the P. P. I. E. commission, relative to a petition of residents of the coast-side, asking for the purchase by the commission of 1000 railway tickets at the price of 95 cents for a round trip from San Francisco to Halfmoon Bay, to be used during the exposition period. The commission stated that they did not feel justified in purchasing the tickets. The communication was ordered filed.

A communication was received from County Surveyor Neuman stating that he had completed all work to bring the county poor farm road to a state of completion at a total expenditure of \$8612.20 for material and labor and \$616.40 for engineering and superintendence.

The communication was ordered filed.

District Attorney Swart presented a resolution governing traffic on the county highway and the use of such highways for cultivation and irrigation. The ordinance regulates the class of vehicles allowed to pass over the highways, the different speed limits of said vehicles and the width of steel tires allowed on vehicles according to the different loads carried.

The ordinance was adopted. Board adjourned at 12:40 p. m. until Monday, August 2d.

Board of Equalization.
The board met as a board of equalization. No applications having been received for reduction of assessment, an adjournment was taken sine die.

EDITOR P. MILTON SMITH'S PHILOSOPHY.

P. Milton Smith of the Mountain View Register-Leader runs a front-page feature in his paper entitled "Do You Really Want to Help Your Home Town?"

"Well, then," he recommends: "Don't be a grouch. Everybody in this town wishes you well, even the doctor."

"Let's not try to stop something all of the time. Let's start something."

"A town is like a girl. It's wonderful what a little fixing up will do for her."

"Plaster your house and everybody will follow your example. Lath and the world laths with you."

"You've got to be a citizen in order to vote, but you've got to do a good deal more than vote to be a citizen."

COBURNS HAVE MADE UP THEIR DIFFERENCES

Loren Coburn and his wife of Pes-

cadero have made up. The incompetency petition which the wife of the octogenarian millionaire filed several days ago at Redwood City will be dismissed, and now all is well in the Coburn family.

When the matter came up before Superior Judge George Buck Wednesday at Redwood City neither the Coburns nor their attorneys were present. However, County Clerk Joseph Nash stated that he had received a telephone message from Mrs. Coburn's lawyer asking that the petition be dismissed. The court continued the matter for two weeks, giving the petitioner time to file a formal notice of dismissal.

CALIFORNIA BLUE BULLETIN.

The second number of the California Blue Bulletin has just been issued by the state printing office. This number is edited by Edwin R. Snyder, the commissioner of vocational education. It has thirty pages of matter, mostly consisting of a digest of all the new educational laws that were placed on the statute books by the late legislature. This will prove interesting and valuable for all people concerned in any way with the public schools. The bulletins are sent to superintendents, trustees and teachers; others may get them upon request from Superintendent Edward Hyatt at Sacramento.

The California Blue Bulletin contains a picture and a description of the Russian thistle, one of the most dangerous weeds known to the world. This was introduced into California along the transcontinental railroad lines, probably from the bedding and the clothes of the freshly imported European laborers. It now has a firm hold in many places and it is particularly ominous to the hay and grain growing parts of the state. Warnings have been sent out by Dr. Cook, the horticultural commissioner. It is very important for the children of California to be able to recognize the weed and so get their minds turned toward its eradication. The teachers can do a useful work by using and emphasizing the important lesson thus placed in their hands.

Use of Cards.

If a double card is used with Mr. and Mrs. engraved on it when calling on a married woman leave just one. In making a first call on a married couple, however, the wife leaves her own card and two of her husband's, keeping the combination card for use in subsequent calls. An engagement announcement should be acknowledged. Send a card with or without a polite acknowledgment and greeting in a few words, such as "Congratulations and good wishes." In making an evening call a man waits until the maid tells him he will be received, when he removes his hat, coat and gloves in the hall before being ushered into the reception room.

He Didn't Know a Good Thing.

"No use," said the actor peevishly, "I simply can't take this part. If I do, I have to die in the first act."

"Sure you do. What are you kicking about?" asked the manager cheerfully. "You die a respectable death, don't you? If you ever had a chance to come on in the second act you'd get killed."

COUNTY HAPPENINGS

Residents of South Lomita Park met last Tuesday night to protest against the annexation of northern Lomita Park to the city of San Bruno. About fifty persons were present. William Pendelly presided, calling for speeches from W. A. Johnson, A. A. Anderson, M. A. Bryte and A. H. Redington.

The Ocean Shore railroad company has a surveying party in the field near the Colma hills. It is rumored that the surveyors are making preliminary surveys looking toward the changing of the roadbed of the Ocean Shore railroad in some places so as to winter. They may conclude to tunnel.

That Redwood City is soon to have free mail delivery has become known through a notice issued by Postmaster Swift and Miss Mary Cook, local secretary of the civil service, announcing examinations for letter carriers to be held August 14th. The free delivery will probably be established about January 1, 1916.

The home of Mrs. William Wahl at the corner of Railroad avenue and Beach street, Redwood City, was destroyed by fire at 1:30 o'clock last Monday morning. The flames are believed to have started from a defective flue. The fire had gained great headway when discovered and the occupants of the house, Mrs. Wahl and her sister, Mrs. Swett of San Francisco, had a narrow escape. All of the furnishings of the home were lost. Mrs. Wahl is one of the oldest pioneer residents of that city.

A petition for the non-partisan referendum, signed by 600 citizens of San Mateo county, has been filed in the office of the county clerk by D. E. O'Keefe, a member of the republican state central committee, and Assemblyman Henry W. Brown. If sufficient signatures are secured throughout the state the people will have a chance to vote upon this law next October. The non-partisan law passed by the recent legislature and signed by Governor Johnson abolishes all parties in the state election.

J. T. O'Connor, Southern Pacific station agent at San Bruno, had a narrow escape from serious injury and possibly death on Thursday night, July 15th, when the southbound train leaving San Francisco at 5:25 p. m. struck the Wells-Fargo truck on the station platform. Another train was standing on the opposite track and O'Connor failed to note the approach of the southbound passenger. When the locomotive struck the truck, he jumped aside just in time to escape being struck.

For Sale—Good old papers, 15 cents per hundred. Apply this office. Advt.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

Our readers are respectfully asked to furnish The Enterprise with items of a social or personal nature that they know of for publication.

The Woman's Club meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at Lodge Hall, Metropolitan building, at 2:30 p. m.

We Give Prompt Service

When you send your child running in a hurry to the druggist either with a prescription or with a request for anything you naturally want the child to be given careful and prompt attention. We do this.

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IT'S TOUGH TO WATCH

your home burning, especially if it was not covered by insurance. But there is some consolation in having an insurance policy, for it enables you to start anew. Take out a policy to-day. To-morrow may be too late, for fire, like death, is no respecter of persons or time.

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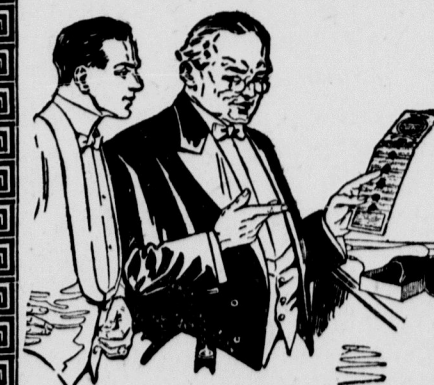
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SAM'S PENSION

For more than two years it was the joke of Bloomington Center—that bright hope, that idle dream, that fond, delusive fancy, known as "Sam Sperry's pension."

The wits who congregated in the barroom and grocery of the Bloomington Center postoffice sometimes had only a sad consciousness of futility in their best efforts; the columns of facetiae in the local newspaper frequently palled on the senses; but Sam Sperry's lank and stooping figure as he descended faithfully, twice every week, from his lone home on the distant mountain, to "learn the news from Washington," bore with it an aroma of never failing interest and diversion.

"Any 'ficial dokkermments arrived for me?" Sam was accustomed to inquire, on entering the postoffice, with an air of ill-concealed consequence; and on being answered in the negative, the look of sad surprise and incredulity which overspread his features was always as fresh and real as it had been during the first six months he had undergone the blow. His recovery was as complete and instantaneous, when, seated on the counter with the "boys," he derided the very existence of his proud nation's capital in terms of the most reckless sarcasm, or, in a softer mood, induced by certain strong potations, palliated the weakness of official judges with a forbearance which his listeners found even more irresistibly entertaining.

"They think they're comin' it over me, down there to Washington," Sam observed on one occasion, rolling his eyes upon his near neighbor on the counter with a look which was dark without menace, and at the same time forcibly introducing the sharp point of his elbow to that gentleman's ribs—"they think they're comin' it over me, down there to Washington. And all the time they're hangin' off about my pension, what's accumulat'in'?" Here Sam's companion was actually obliged to move an inch or two away in order to escape the too severe emphasis of that emaciated elbow. "Back pay!" chuckled Sam; "that's what's accumulat'in'—back pay! Let 'em hold off ten or a dozen years longer, and I'll be swimmin' in back pay—I'll be fairly wallerin' in it."

With which the deeply confidential aspect of Sam's face changed to a triumphant simper, and, turning to nudge another companion (as he supposed) on his right, he inadvertently thrust his elbow through the wrappage of a large parcel of sugar, the contents of which were scattered over the grocery floor.

Sam's expression of dismay was pitiful.

"Have it charged to your back pay, Sam," cried an uproarious though cheerful voice.

Sam took up the cue, and ever after that his descent from the West Mountain, which had been before significant of a small invoice of skunk's fur, blueberries and the like at the Bloomington grocery missed the hampering weight of those hardly acquired products, and Sam's business transactions at the counter—the understanding being good between the grocer and those jolly Bloomington boys—were rounded by regally careless "Charge it to pension, Ned—reg'lar or back pay, I don't care which."

Rarely, very rarely, Sam really did find a document waiting for him at the postoffice, marked with the mysterious seal of the department of the interior, and opened it with fingers of trembling expectation only to find a printed sheet of painfully worded statistics, to the effect that "besides the two hundred and ninety thousand filed claims, others were constantly being entered, but that in due time each would receive careful consideration, etc." His first heat of desperate indignation yielded later to tears of unaffected sentiment, as he murmured, "Pension! I guess so boys!—the grass'll be growing over my grave before I see any pension," and later still to smiles and hope again.

The gunshot wound in his right hand upon which Sam had based his

claim on the national bounty was of small account compared with the harm which he had suffered, both in body and soul, from the soldier's camp life, the southern marshes—above all, the prisons.

"I don't know what Sam might 'a been, or what he might not 'a been," said Judge Holcomb, a prosperous citizen of Bloomington, who had been incarcerated with Sam at Andersonville. "'Pon my honor, boys, he began uncommon bright, though he wan't never what yed call pertick'ler tough or long winded. But I can tell ye one thing, Sam Sperry wan't never the same man after he come out o' that prison."

Even after this asseveration I do not know that any of the frequenters of the Bloomington bazaar remarked that the boyish head on Sam's bent shoulders, with its rings of close-curling light hair was of a Byronic cast, or that his eyes, when not filmy from the effects of ague or rum, were of such a perfect and heavenly blue as is seldom seen in the undimmed eyes of children. Sam was their Punch, their by-word, their theatre comique; they would have paid twice the price of his lordly though prudent negotiations at the counter rather than miss the zest afforded by his semi-weekly appearance. With a touch of pity too, perhaps, for their old comrade, they consoled with him in his forlorn hope, encouraged in him at all times the freest expression of his sentiments, flattered him, and regaled him. And often, alas! the feet which had come shuffling down the mountain awkwardly enough and loosely enough retraced their steps in a still more desultory and uncertain manner, and chance passers-by have told how Sam, pausing at length by some wayside fence, frequently nudged the post with his elbow, as though having just committed to it some gravely confidential or facetious remark.

There was one person whom Sam's weakness and derelictions failed to inspire with appreciative mirth. In the neighborhood of Sam's house on the mountain there were two other homes. One was possessed by Isaac Travers with his belligerent wife and numerous small children; in the other Mary Ellsworth dwelt alone with her mother.

Years ago Sam and Mary had gone down hand in hand to the school kept in the little hamlet at the foot of the mountain. Mary still keeps the green-covered "speller" in which she and Sam studied their lessons together. And they were at the head of the class always, the mountain boy and girl—always at the head of the class, and always first and most imperious in play; Mary, small, brown-eyed, sharp-witted; Sam, handsome and tall, with his cherubic curls and saucy red lips.

Then Sam's parents died, and he went over to help John Ellsworth in his mill, and the work prospered under his strong, blithe hand. And as the days passed by, Sam and Mary shrank coyly away from the affectionate intimacy of their childhood, and ended by falling as deeply in love with each other as though they had now for the first time exchanged glances across the rapturous bounds of manhood and maidenhood. Their love, having such tender root in the past, sent out bright branches of hope for the future, and was as strong as life with them both. Mary would have borne anything for Sam; and Sam, who was of a quick and impetuous nature, found his equilibrium in the sweet firmness of Mary's character, and adored her for the loving sarcasm with which she rebuked his pet faults—such bright and captivating faults as Sam's were then.

Sam and Mary were engaged when the war broke out, and the two men of John Ellsworth's household went away, and the two women waited in their solitary home on the mountain, cheered by letters at first; afterward their only hope lay in some chance returning figure along the road; and when Sam returned one day, weak, ague-shaken, demented, but still fondly foolish, faithful,

Mary called of God to endure this greater sorrow than any death could bring spent the solitude of one black night in terrible rebellion, and when the morning dawned, laid her broken heart at the foot of the Cross, and rose with a calm "I will—for evermore."

Sam went back wonderingly to occupy the long-deserted home of his childhood; but it was Mary's hand that brought him bread and meat, that made his bed, that swept his floor and furnished his poor home with every comfort.

Sam knew that it was all changed somehow. The tongue, once so winningly sarcastic, was now ever too thoughtfully kind, the once laughing eyes too deeply compassionate. He sorrowed over it with the sorrow of a child. But he trusted Mary. She knew; she would set it all right in time. The light, the hope, the promise of his youth, they were all kept waiting for him somewhere in Mary's great dark eyes.

But when Sam came tottering up the hill on his return home, he had brought with him a parcel, the contents of which he had not revealed to any eye. It contained his wedding clothes, new and sleek, of the finest black broadcloth. In the pathetic loneliness of his home he acquired a habit of fondling these, of gloating over them, even trying them on before the glass; and then, as he stood in his best mood, with his bonny hair carefully curled, one never saw so sweet and weak a face. Sam longed, yet ever hesitated to appear before Mary in these splendid habiliments. That strange trouble on his mind deterred him. He was never so shy, so simple, so conscious of his lost estate, as when in "Miss Mary's" presence—never withal so strangely happy and content. One evening, as he sat before her, the wedding garments he had left at home filled all his thought.

"I—I never cared for any girl but you, Mary," he exclaimed abruptly, with a spark of the old fire in his eyes. "I—I never could."

"No, Sam," answered Mary gently. "I don't believe you ever could."

"You—you promised to marry me once," said Sam, that brief fire changing, for another instant, to a look of solemn wonder and reproach.

A deathly palor crept over Mary's face. Then she came close to Sam, and laid her hand on his, and looked into his eyes with all the beautiful tenderness and pity of her deeply tried soul.

"I shall always be true to you, Sam," she said. "There are some things we can't understand. We must be patient. But that—what we hoped for once—now—in this world—that, dear Sam, must never be!"

"Yes, Mary," Sam answered, sweetly, obedient, thrilled and thrilled through and through by the touch of her dear hand, "that must never be." It was all right somehow. "Mary knew." But he folded the wedding clothes and put them away that night as one who should never need to take them down again.

After this the ruined life clung still closer to that strong and patient one, and the little services which Sam was accustomed to perform for Mary, when not suffering with the ague, or following after the fond hallucination of his "pension"—the fetching of wood and the drawing of water—these lost to his poor adoring mind every base and menial quality, and were like the offering of a devotee laid tremblingly at the feet of an angel.

And the time passed all too swiftly for the work of Mary's hands. Besides her ministrations to Sam and her mother, her generous thought for the wretched Travers family, the name of Mary Ellsworth, for the gracious health and sympathy which it implied, was known and loved in all the villages below; and in times of sickness or sorrow, or added care, the journey up the mountainside was cheap which could procure a day of those coveted services.

It was the affliction of unexpected company which had overtaken Judge Holcomb's wifeless home and refractory servants. Mary, with rare firmness, established there in a day her universal rule of peace. Among the other guests was a young actress from New York, the Judge's niece, blonde, handsome, magnificent. At evening as Mary stood, before her

return home, waiting an instant in the hall, so quiet and demure, with her dark hair parted in an old, old fashion, and her sad lustrous eyes and her face breathing that ineffable refinement which the calm endurance of some hidden and exalted sorrow alone can give, the dashing young actress advanced upon her suddenly, and folded her with an impetuous gesture in her strong white arms. "I love you!" she whispered. "I love you! I love you desperately!"

The Judge's own wooing was less impassioned when, some weeks afterward, he left his smart horse and buggy at Mary's gate, and entered the house.

"I formed a very favorable opinion of you, Mary," said this grandiose personage, "a good many years ago, and I've never had any cause to alter that opinion. In fact, I come in here to say that I should like to have you come down to my house in the capacity of a wife."

There was grace, a perfect self-reliance in Mary's old-fashioned manner, which relieved it from any imputation of stiffness, as she answered, in much the same words that she had used in addressing Sam some time before, but with such a different tone in the ring of her clear voice: "I thank you, but that can never be." And the Judge drove away, amazed and disappointed, but most of all sorry for Mary.

Sam was the next caller. He had seen the smart buggy at Mary's gate. He entered timid and hesitating, and sat for some time shifting uneasily about in his chair. At length: "I—I never cared for any girl but you, Mary. I—I never could," he repeated earnestly.

And Mary answered, as she had done before, "No, Sam, I don't believe you ever could."

Sam drew his sleeve quickly across his eyes. "You—you ain't goin' to leave the mountain, are you, Mary?" he gasped. "You ain't goin' to leave the old mountain, Mary?"

"Never!" Mary answered, and as before, her tone quieted and consoled him.

After what seemed a long time, though the tears were still standing in Sam's blue eyes. "I forgot, Mary," he said meekly. "I came in here to say—you're young yet, and handsome, Mary—and if you had a better chance—I don't know what I—what we should do without you—but if you had a better chance—you—you mustn't—you know—Mary."

There he paused. Mary did not smile, but her heart yearned over Sam as a mother's might over a child who has tried in vain to be good and brave and unselfish. And Sam went away comforted.

It was the third bleak winter since Sam's return to the mountains, and he meanwhile growing weaker and sillier with each successive season, but ever faithful in his inquiries after his pension at the Bloomington postoffice. The Bloomington boys thought it a rare joke to impress upon his mind that the only reason why Miss Mary deferred giving him her hand in marriage was his continued inability to obtain his pension.

"Jest wait till you get your pension, Sam," said Ned Hemmingway, the storekeeper, delicately hinting on this point, "and then see!"

And Sam doubted utterly at first—away down in his heart doubted always; but as he bent himself more and more to the erratic fancy, it fired and consumed his brain.

One night, from the alternate chills and fevers which shook his frame, Sam fell asleep. Instead of his lone, dark room, the road winding from the mountain to the village rose before his eyes. That road, usually so tortuous and long, was straight and bathed in light. He traversed it. At the end a palace gate, and at the gate a white-winged angel stood, his pension in her shining hand. Sam gazed. Above those peaceful wings was Mary's face. She smiled as she had smiled upon him long ago. He awoke, and slept no more that night.

With the morning he put on his wedding clothes. No doubt or hesitation possessed him now. There was a terrible exultation in his eyes. This time he did not stop, as was his wont, at Miss Mary's house. The road down the mountainside was tortuous and long. There was the palace gate at the end; no pension. Those who watched Sam's face in this last in-

stance say that a look came over it which had never been there before. He rested on the counter, and drowsed, and almost fainted, but he would not drink. This provoked undoubted astonishment. Sam's dying flesh craved the cup with an awful thirst, but Mary's eyes were stronger, and Mary's eyes seemed to be upon him, and he would not drink.

He manifested a desire to make his will. It was a rare occasion at the Bloomington grocery.

"It's all to go to Mary," he exclaimed excitedly, "pension, back pay and all." The last flame of the fever was flickering and wasting in his eyes. He rested and dozed again. At noon he started for home; at 4 o'clock he had traversed only half of the lonely winter road; at the foot of the mountain—it was sunset—he staggered and fell down. We shrink from the records of a fate so sad. We need not fear. One greater than we, and more compassionate by far, comforts the death of His lambs when they fall in the desolate places. The pain in Sam's body ceased. Across his mind flitted a brief trouble.

"I wish Mary could know," he said, "that I wouldn't touch it—for her sake." And later and more solemnly: "I wish Mary could know—and I seem—now—to understand. I seem—now—to see."

An old story tells of the prodigal who wandered and who came back to his father's house; of the purpose, running through all the weakness and sin, of the wonder and suffering of our human lives to make us hungry and to bring us home. So over Sam's wasting face there crept first the infinite unbearable hunger of the soul, and then the quiet look of one whom God leads home; and the blue eyes, piercing now beyond the light of sun or moon, met unshrinkingly the shadows of the deepening night, and unshrinkingly the clear gaze of the solemn stars.

And Mary knew. When they took Sam home to her in his wedding garments, she looked upon his face, and she knew that the bridegroom had indeed come back, clothed and joyful, to the bride; the lost spirit to the strength and beauty of its first estate. And she kissed the dead lips in that last act of perfect love and consecration, and knelt and thanked God.

A few days after Sam's death, Ned Hemmingway, entering Mary's house, either from curiosity or worthy motives, with a stammered apology, and the words, "Of course, it ain't of no account, but I thought ye might like to keep it," handed Mary the will, in which Sam had devised to her his pension. As he did this, the mirthful grocer cast down his eyes and blushed to the roots of his hair. Mary took the little parchment, read it quietly, and just the shadow of a smile played about the youthful tenderness of her lips. Then she turned to the grocer, and unconsciously transfixed him with her clear, thoughtful, half-inattentive gaze.

"I think Sam owed you something," she said.

"Oh, no, no," stammered the grocer. "That's all right. The boys 'll see to that."

Mary keeps the will in which Sam gave her his pension, with a lock of hair that was golden and boyish, and the green-covered spelling-book. Sometimes in the pauses of her toil she can smile her tender smile over them; she can weep blessed tears over them.

But if any one should say that hers had been a famished heart—famished for all the joyful possibilities, the wifehood, the motherhood that might have been—the thought would pale before the tranquil glory of her eyes. There has come to the life of this lone watcher on the mountain a fullness such as few may know. The autumn winds that speak with their low wail of death to the dwellers in the valley land below bring to her clearer sense sweet messages of home.

At a Scottish watering place one summer, MacPherson was found stretched in a contented mood on the sands, puffing his old pipe.

"Come on, Mac," said his companion, who had just come from town, "let's go for a sail."

"Na, na," replied MacPherson, slowly shaking his head. "I hae had a guid dinner at the cost o' three and saxpence, an' I'm takin' no risks."

RUSH WORK IN THE YOSEMITE

Preparations on Big Scale for Accommodation of Many Exposition Visitors.

Washington, July 19.—There have been lively times in the Yosemite since the snow melted, making ready for the great crowds which the exposition travel is expected to bring with it during July and August. Yosemite is so near San Francisco, only a night's run, that many whose vacations will not permit a tour of several national parks this year are expected to spare two or three days to visit this one at least. All the signs point to large crowds. An extraordinary number of inquiries have reached the department of the interior daily since early April. Individuals from many eastern and southern states, parents, school teachers in large numbers, clerks, business men, motorists contemplating trans-Atlantic flights, tourist agents anxious to make sure of hotel reservations for enormously increased patronage, ministers forming church parties, Sunday school superintendents—these and many others have been seeking information about ways and means for seeing the Yosemite along with the expositions.

Then there have been inquiries from many who are planning personally conducted parties either for the profit in it or merely for the purpose of saving their own expenses. This year's westward flying has developed a brand-new kind of tourist agent, the amateur who seeks only the chance to visit the expositions and the national parks without expense to himself.

New Business for Women.

The scheme is to work up co-operative parties of greater or less size, composed for the most part of friends or acquaintances, with the purpose of planning out the most delightful combination of places and securing, by concerted action, the best accommodations and lowest expenses possible. Of course, some one person must lead such a party, which means much study and labor in advance of starting, and a man-sized job every day en route. It is only fair that the person undertaking this role should be left out of the count when the total expenses are apportioned pro rata at the end of the trip.

A good many women will lead such parties this summer. It is the experience of Enos Mills, the Rocky Mountain sage and naturalist, that women make, on the whole, better mountain guides than men. Here is an opportunity for their genius in economy and management. Railroad men say that many of the women who will conduct such parties westward this summer are school teachers.

With these signs written large in the sky, Secretary Lane has taken extraordinary measures to make Yosemite ready. The difficulties in the way were great. Only one railroad is available to reach the valley. The Sentinel Hotel has small accommodations at best, and the several public camps were little larger last year than the minimum of normal travel required. The response on the part of the concessioners to the secretary's appeal was prompt. Camp Curry was increased so as to accommodate 1000 tourists. Camp Lost Arrow was made to accommodate 600. The supervisor reported, under date of May 24th, the capacity of the Yosemite as follows:

Sentinel Hotel	150
Camp Curry	1,000
Camp Lost Arrow.....	600
Camp Ahwanee	200
Glacier Point Hotel.....	50

Big Emergency Camp.

At the same time he reported the

reservations to date at the Sentinel Hotel and Camp Lost Arrow alone as 1523 people, against a combined capacity of 750. On account of the short stay within the park which these exposition visitors would be likely to make, and which he estimated at only 1½ days each, he expressed the belief that 30,000 visitors could be accommodated during the season without difficulty.

But, of course, this was nowhere near enough. Stephen T. Mather, assistant to the secretary, hastened to San Francisco and took personal charge of the situation. A contract was made with the Desmond Commissary Company, which makes a business of furnishing commissary for large camps, and once fed 5000 men in the mountains during the long period required for the construction of the Los Angeles aqueduct. Early in June this company began converting the old army barracks, which have been deserted since the passing of military control in the Yosemite, into the commissary end of a great new camp to accommodate at the start 1000 persons. Arrangements were also made by which accommodations may be greatly increased to meet emergencies. It was contracted that additional supplies of tents and food would be available at all times.

Weather conditions during the late spring have been as unusual in the west as they have been here. Heavy snows occurred in the Yosemite at a time when fine dry weather was confidently expected. This naturally delayed the work. But visitors to the valley will reap advantages from it, nevertheless, for the waterfalls will remain at the height of their beauty later than usual.

New Beauties on View.

In addition to these preparations in the valley, the grand scenery in the northern part of the Yosemite national park will be made accessible to the public for the first time. In May, Secretary Lane acquired possession for the United States of the famous old Tioga road, which crosses the park from the Mono Lake region east of the Sierras and, on the west, connects with state roads to San Francisco and Los Angeles. This old mining road, under private ownership since its building in 1881, has been impassable for many years. But as soon as the snows cleared the government began its repair and during August it will carry many hundreds of automobiles into supremely beautiful parts of the Yosemite national park, which none except hardy campers have ever been able to visit before.

From this road, upon which temporary camps are to be erected, visitors afoot and awheel may make short tramps south to look over the rim into the great valley, and north to see the wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne and the celebrated wheel falls. At Soda Springs, north of the Tioga road, the Sierra club has maintained a camp for many years, and this year, in the absence of adequate public accommodation, the club will extend its hospitality to visitors.

So the Yosemite is humming with preparation. Transportation for the unusual visitation will be a harder problem. Within the park, of course, enterprise is successful. An auto-stage service will succeed horse-drawn stages from Wawona into the valley by way of Inspiration Point and will make the Big Trees of Mariposa accessible to greater numbers of visitors. Considerably greater travel should result from Madera and Storey, giving a first glimpse of the valley from above.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Elma, as she gazed at a visitor's bald head, "you said I mustn't say anything about Mr. Goodwin's hair, and he hasn't got ony to say anything about."

FOREST FIRE BULLETINS AT FAIR

(From the Forest Service, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, S. F. Office.)

Telegraphic reports of forest fire conditions throughout California are now received at the exhibit of the United States forest service in the palace of agriculture of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and posted on a large map by pins with different-colored heads, indicating the natures and sizes of the fires. With the beginning of the dry summer season the national forests take on a fighting aspect, the force is increased threefold, the lookout towers are opened up and manned, patrolmen start on their rounds, and the entire forest service is primed to keep down to the smallest possible minimum the fires which threaten the forests of the west for four dry months.

The forest service exhibit will from now on promptly reflect the results of the contest between the government's forest rangers on one side and careless campers, sparks from engines, brush burners and lightning on the other. The pin map shows, up to date this year, seventy-six fires. Of this total, only sixteen burned over ten acres, while thirty-one were extinguished before they had burned over one-fourth of an acre. A total of 1866 acres of land, either in the national forests or belonging to private parties co-operating with the forest service in fire protection, have been burned, of which only 247 acres were timbered. The rest was brush land. The total damage done to the forests by these fires was only \$99.50. They were extinguished at a total cost to the government of \$1047.91. These figures represent a great improvement in fire conditions over those existing before the forest service was established, when by this season every year the damage had mounted into several thousand dollars.

Polish Peasant Girls.

Polish women have been known to fight on the battlefield and die in the cause of their country. And what seemed harder to some they have given up all their worldly goods in the same cause. Many have been exiled, but never has there been a murmur heard from these brave women, who are capable of any sacrifice. The Polish women have ever been noted for their physical charms, their hands and feet being, from an artistic point of view, absolutely perfect. In the field at harvest time far more women are to be seen than men, and the effect of their different colored dresses makes an attractive picture. The skirts of their dresses are generally pinned up, leaving bright petticoats exposed to view.

The Shorter the Better.

The barber, just beginning to cut a customer's hair, said:

"Have you heard that story about the man that"—resuming his hair-cutting—"want it short, sir?"

"Yes," answered the customer, a tired editor; "a bare synopsis will do."

Helping Out the Family.

"Mary, have you said your prayers?" asked the mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary. "And did you ask God to make you a good girl?"

"Yes'm. And I put in a word for you and father, too."

Unjust Discrimination.

"Oh, no!" soliloquized Johnny bitterly; "there ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I gets a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute."

Lucille was a carefully brought up little girl of five, and she returned in high glee from her first party. "I was a good girl," she announced, "an' I talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something nice to Mrs. Applegate just before leaving?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, I did," responded Lucille. "I smiled at her and said, 'I enjoyed myself very much, Mrs. Applegate. I had lots more to eat than I spected to have.'"

Two countrymen were among the recruits mustered on the drill ground and one of them, remarkably raw,

asked his companion what to do when he got the order "Halt."

"Well," was the reply, "when he says 'Halt!' yez bring the fut that's on the ground to the soide of the fut that's in the air, and then remain quite motionless!"

Although hot and exhausted, P. C. Patrick O'Brail felt not a little pleased with himself. He had just effected his first arrest since becoming a member of the force; and, more than that, an arrest certainly to be proud of. In short, after a long, exciting chase, he had captured Tom Crooke, the notorious but elusive housebreaker.

While he was marching to the station, however, with his prisoner, the latter's hat suddenly blew off and went scurrying away along the street.

"Lawks!" cried Tom. "There goes my 'at! Shall I run after it?"

"Phwat?" roared Pat, a wise look on his face. "You run after it and not come back again? No, my lad, you stand here; I'll get your hat."

A sailor was called into the witness box to give evidence. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?"

"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What! Not know the meaning of 'plaintiff' and 'defendant?' continued the lawyer. "A pretty fellow you to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was this man struck the other?"

"Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer. "What do you mean by that?"

"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what 'abast the binnacle' means!"

Mandy is but a little girl—a little colored girl, trying hard to learn how to be a god housemaid. The other day she came to her employer and handed her a calling card.

"De lady what gib me dis is in de parlor," she explained. "Dey's anoder lady on de steps."

"Goodness, Mandy!" exclaimed the lady, shocked and troubled, "why didn't you ask them both in?"

"Kase, Miss Murphy," grinned Mandy, "de one on de do'step done forgit her ticket."

Two young girls were drinking tea at a fashionable restaurant when a young man raised his hat and passed on. As he passed the first girl blushed, displayed a beautiful ring on her white hand and murmured: "Well, Jack and I are to be married in another month."

"But," said the other girl, "I thought you had thrown Jack over?"

"Oh, so I did," the first replied, blushing again and hiding her face, "but—but you know how badly a girl throws!"

The Sunday morning service had been arranged to the satisfaction of the pastor, but the clerk telephoned up that one or two of the hymns would have to be changed.

"I'll never have the courage to chalk those numbers down on the bulletin board in the order of selection," he said.

"Why not?" the pastor asked.

"Why, just look at the numbers!" said the clerk: "4—11—44. The congregation would have a fit."

"We've won that suit of Thompson's against the railroad company," said the junior partner. "What shall we charge him?"

"Let me see," said the senior partner. "What was the amount of the damages?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Make his bill out for nineteen thousand five hundred. He's entitled to something for giving us the case."

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.

"Now, tell me," she said at the close of the lesson, "who will get the biggest crown?"

There was a silence for a minute or two, then a bright little chap piped out:

"Him wot's got th' biggest head."

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that a special election will be held in the City of San Bruno, and in the territory hereinafter described on Tuesday, the 27th day of July, 1915, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified electors of said city and those residing in said territory the question whether said territory shall be annexed to, incorporated in, and made a part of said city. The boundaries of the new territory proposed to be so annexed are hereby specifically described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the boundary line of South San Francisco that is North 30 degrees 30' minutes West from the Northeastly corner of Belle Air Park; thence East along the boundary line of South San Francisco to the Northeast corner of Section 35, Township 3 South, Range 5 West, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian; thence South one and one-half (1½) miles to the quarter corner between Sections 1 and 2 of Township 4 South, Range 5 West, Mt. Diablo Base and Meridian; thence West along the center line of Sections 2 and 3 to a point where said line intersects the center line of Santa Maria Avenue of Lomita Park Subdivision; thence along the center line of Santa Maria Avenue to the center line of San Anselmo Avenue; thence Northwestly along the center line of San Anselmo Avenue to the medial line of Block 11 projected of Lomita Park Subdivision; thence Southwestly along the center line of said Block 11 and along said line extended to a point 4000 feet Southwesterly from the Southwestly line of the County Road, otherwise known as the El Camino Real; thence North 23 degrees West to the Northwestly corner of the T. & E. Silva 131.08 acre tract of land; thence Northwestly along the Northwestly line of the T. & E. Silva 131.08 acre tract of land to the Northeastly line of the County Road, otherwise known as the El Camino Real; thence Southeastly along said Northeastly line of the County Road to the Northwestly corner of Tanforan Park, said point being a point on the City of San Bruno boundary line; thence in a general Southerly direction along said boundary line of the City of San Bruno following the meanderings thereof to the most Southerly corner of said City; thence in a general Northerly direction along said boundary line of the City of San Bruno, following the meanderings thereof to the point of beginning, which aforesaid territory may be known as the "Lomita Park Addition" to said city.

The qualified electors of said city, and the qualified electors residing in said territory so proposed to be annexed and hereby invited to vote upon said proposition in the manner provided by law.

The voting precincts established by the Board of Trustees of said city for the purpose of holding said special election are hereby designated and described as follows:

"Precinct No. 1," the boundaries of which are the corporate boundaries of the City of San Bruno;

"Precinct No. 2," the boundaries of which are the boundaries of said territory so proposed to be annexed.

The polling place in and for said Precinct No. 1 shall be the Firehouse on Jenevein Avenue in said city. The polling place in and for said territory so proposed to be annexed shall be the store at the corner of Santa Dominga Avenue and El Camino Real.

The officers to conduct said special election in and for said "Precinct No. 1" are

Two Judges, Moses Levy and Paul Scharf.

One Inspector, Otto Frei.

The officers to conduct said special election in and for said "Precinct No. 2" are

Two Judges, David Cosgrave and Mrs. John A. Bean.

One Inspector, H. E. Griffin.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of San Bruno.

Dated June 16th, 1915.

H. A. BEWLEY,

Clerk of the City of San Bruno.

6-26-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Superior Court in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of VINCENT LUCCHESI, also known as V. Lucchesi, Deceased.—No. 1918.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Vincent Lucchesi, also known as V. Lucchesi, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit such claims, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the law office of J. W. Coleberd, Postoffice Building, South San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Vincent Lucchesi, deceased.

WILLIAM E. LUCCHESI, Administrator of the Estate of Vincent Lucchesi, also known as V. Lucchesi, deceased.

J. W. Coleberd, attorney for said administrator.

Dated and first published at South San Francisco, California, on this 19th day of June, 1915.

6-19-5t

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ELIMINATE THE FLY

Powdered Hellebore a Simple and Effective Means of Destroying the Dangerous Pest in Its Favorite Breeding Place.

An educational crusade against the house fly in which every proper means of publicity should be employed is urged by the department of agriculture. In a new farmers' bulletin, No. 679, it is stated that the danger from the house fly must be brought more forcibly home to the people before health officers can do effective work. By the expenditure of sufficient pains, any one individual may prevent flies breeding on his premises, but this will not rid him of the danger from flies if his neighbors are careless.

There is, however, no excuse at the present time for permitting flies to breed in anything like the numbers in which they have done in the past. The vast majority of flies develop from eggs which are laid in horse manure, and there are two simple ways of destroying the larvae, as the young insects or maggots which hatch from the eggs are called. Sprinkling the manure heap with a solution prepared by adding one-half pound of powdered hellebore to ten gallons of water will destroy, according to recent experiments, from 88 to 99 per cent of the larvae in the manure. If this is not done, the use of a simple maggot trap will prove equally effective. By experiments carried on by the bureau of entomology of the United States department of agriculture at the Maryland agricultural college, it was found that the trap used there destroyed fully 99 per cent of all the maggots or larvae breeding in a given lot of manure.

The Maggot Trap.

Such a trap is simplicity itself, consisting merely of a slatted platform standing about one foot high upon a concrete floor which is surrounded by a rim or wall of concrete four inches high. The floor slopes a little toward one corner in order to allow liquid from the manure to be drained off into a small cistern. Ordinarily, however, this drain is plugged with a stopper and the concrete floor filled with water to a depth of one inch in the shallowest part. Every morning the manure is removed from the stable and heaped upon the platform. The flies lay their eggs on it as usual, and the larvae hatch as usual. The larvae, however, when about to enter the pupal or resting stage, preliminary to emerging as adult flies, invariably endeavor to migrate, crawling about in search of a suitably dry spot in which to enter the pupation. In the maggot trap, therefore, as soon as the larvae attempt to leave the manure on which they have been feeding, they fall through the openings in the slatted platform into the water below and are drowned. Each week the drain should be opened and the dead maggots washed from the floor of the trap into the cistern near by. A platform 10 by 20 feet in size will hold the manure from four horses during a period of four months, or from twenty-five horses for about twenty days. The slats should be 1-inch strips with one-half to 1-inch spaces between them.

Experience with maggot traps has brought out the fact that these are most effective when the manure is kept compactly heaped and well moistened. This is due to the larvae's desire to find a comparatively dry place in which to pupate and, consequently, they crawl away from wet manure. Wherever possible, therefore, it is advantageous to preserve all the liquid manure both in order to moisten the pile and because of its own fertilizing value. In the second place, the platform should stand not less than one foot above the concrete floor in order that the floor may be more easily cleaned. A third point is that old manure does not attract flies for breeding. A lot of manure need remain on the maggot trap but ten days in order to prevent any breeding taking place in it.

The maggot trap thus presents the great advantages of being easily constructed and cheap. That it is effective, the experiments at the Maryland agricultural college have conclusively shown. There it was found that it destroyed 99 per cent of the larvae breeding in the manure and that the number of flies around the

college kitchen was reduced by between 67 and 76 per cent. That the reduction in the number of flies was not equal to the percentage of larvae destroyed was due to the fact that there were other piles of untreated manure elsewhere in the vicinity and that flies bred in these. Such traps may be built in almost any size, and they appear to be especially well adapted for controlling the pest under ordinary country conditions.

In cities and towns it is probable that the treatment of manure with hellebore will usually be found more advantageous. Ten gallons of the solution already described, composed of one-half pound of powdered hellebore to ten gallons of water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours, will be sufficient for the treatment of eight bushels, or ten cubic feet, of manure. A weaker solution than this is not so effective. The hellebore does not alter the composition of the manure in any way and does not cause any injury to crops on which the latter is placed. In fact, the only possible way in which it can do any injury upon the farm is in case the barrel or tank in which the solution is stored is left uncovered in a place where some of the farm animals may drink from it. The most ordinary care, however, is sufficient to prevent such an accident. The cost of the treatment with hellebore selling from 12 to 16 cents a pound and in large lots for 10 cents or less, is estimated at a little over 1 cent for every two bushels of manure.

Borax is perhaps even more effective in the killing of larvae than hellebore, but borax has the disadvantage of exerting, in large quantities, an injurious effect upon plants. It is possible that manure treated with sufficient borax to destroy the larvae and then applied to plants at a greater rate than fifteen tons per acre may work harm to certain crops. Where borax is used for the prevention of flies, therefore, no more than one pound should be employed for every sixteen cubic feet of manure, and this manure should not be used at a greater rate than fifteen tons to the acre.

This objection to borax, of course, does not apply to its use on the ground of stables with soil floors, in privies and refuse piles, and on other accumulations of decaying material in which flies may lay their eggs.

The Fly a Carrier of Disease Germs.

While the use of maggot traps and the treatment of manure with hellebore or borax are most effective in reducing the number of flies, it is not likely that they will actually exterminate the pests in any neighborhood. The precaution of screening windows and doors and in particular the protecting of all article of food with fly-proof screens is, therefore, urgently recommended by the department of agriculture. Screening, of course, has no effect upon the number of flies, but it does minimize the danger of infection. Comparatively few people realize how admirably adapted from its structure and habits the fly is to carry disease. The body of the house fly, and especially the legs, are thickly covered with hairs and bristles. As the fly crawls about over the decaying organic matter on which it likes to feed, these hairs readily pick up disease germs and carry them to the human foods which the fly subsequently visits. The fly is continually passing from piles of refuse and filth to kitchens and dining rooms, and in each one of these journeys it can with the greatest ease bring with it the germs of any intestinal disease. Typhoid, Asiatic cholera, dysentery and infantile diarrhea are among the diseases which are known to be transmitted in this way, and there is very strong evidence that tuberculosis, anthrax, ophthalmia, smallpox and other diseases are carried through the same medium. It has also been demonstrated that not only are disease germs carried in this mechanical way upon the legs and body of the fly, but that these germs flourish abundantly within the fly itself and that they can be deposited by the fly upon human being or upon human food.

Rapidity of Reproduction.

The danger from the fly is greatly increased by the extraordinary rapidity with which the insect multiplies. The common house fly includes perhaps 98 or 99 per cent of all the flies ordinarily found in and around dwellings. A single female lays eggs at least two, and possibly four, times in the course of its life and averages

probably 120 eggs on each occasion. These eggs usually hatch in less than twenty-four hours. Indeed, under favorable conditions, maggots may issue from them in eight hours. These maggots grow rapidly, molting for the first time within a day after they are hatched. A day later they molt a second time, and two or three days afterwards enter the stage of pupation. Thus, the total length of their life as larvae ranges from four to five days, but this period may be greatly prolonged by low temperature or by scarcity of food. The pupal, or resting stage, lasts from three to ten days, although during hibernation it may be prolonged to as long as from four to five months. Altogether, it appears that between the time the eggs are laid and the time that the adult fly emerges, a period of from eight days upward elapses. Ten and twelve day records were very common in the experiments made to determine this point. Within three or four days after the emergence of the insect as an adult fly the female is ready to deposit her eggs. Thus, it is possible to have a new generation of flies every eleven to fourteen days, and in such a climate as Washington, for instance, this will permit of from ten to twelve generations every summer. The really effective way to get rid of this dangerous pest is to attack it in its favorite breeding place—manure.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Weekly News Letter.

It was only with the utmost difficulty that Noah was able to control himself as the two mosquitoes of the ark waxed red and corpulent on the back of his hand, gorging themselves to repletion.

"If it wasn't for the grudge I have against my posterity," he rasped through his clenched teeth, "I'd smash your infernal carcasses!"

"Did you ever hear such silly rot as that line of Tennyson's: 'Half a league, half a league, half a league onward?'"

"What is there silly about it?" "Why, anybody knows that not more than half the league can be going onward at any given time. For every game one team wins some other team has got to lose one."

"Can your baby brother talk yet?" asked the visitor of four-year-old Mabel.

"Yes'm; he can say some words real plain," replied the little miss.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "And what are they?"

"I don't know," answered Mabel. "They are words I never heard before."

"She threatened to throw hot water in my face," said a school attendance officer, referring to a woman who had been summoned in respect to the truancy of her child.

"You must not throw hot water," the judge told the defendant. "You can heap coals of fire on his head, if you like."

Two Irishmen were walking on Fourteenth street, New York, when suddenly Mike asked Pat why he didn't buy a trunk, as they were selling very cheap.

"And what for?" says Pat.

"Sure, to put your clothes in," answered Mike.

"And go naked?"

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what this letter is?

Small Harold—No, ma'am.

Teacher—You can't? Why, you certainly know what comes after T, don't you?

Small Harold—Yes, ma'm; sister's beau.

Johnny's ma found him rummaging in the pantry one day.

"Oh, it's you, you naughty boy!" she exclaimed. "I thought it was burglars."

"So did I," answered the little fellow, "and I was lookin' for 'em."

A city's made of patient stuff, When worthy strangers strike it. The more they tell it that it's tough The more it seems to like it.

However dark the days may be, Of this much rest assured, sir, There's little falls to you and me That cannot be endured, sir.



CHEAP CUTS OF MEAT.

SMALL quantities of cold ham, chicken, veal or almost any other meat may be utilized for delicious meat and pastry rolls. The meat should be chopped fine, well seasoned, mixed with enough butter to make it "shape" and formed into rolls about the size of a finger. Make a rich pastry of one pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt and milk enough to mix. Roll thin, cut in strips and fold about the meat rolls. Bake in a quick oven until they are a delicate golden brown and serve hot, garnished with parsley and slices of lemon.

Shin of Beef.

Have four pounds of shin of beef cut into several pieces. Put into a saucepan, with two quarts of boiling water, one whole clove, a small bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, one small carrot, one medium sized onion, one-half tablespoonful of salt, and bring to a boil. Skim and cook slowly for five hours on a stove or over night in a fireless cooker. Then take one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, make a brown sauce and add to the meat.

Bean Pot Roast.

Take three pounds of mutton, one cupful potatoes cut into small pieces, one-fourth cupful sliced onion, one cupful carrots carefully cut into small pieces.

Then cover the meat with boiling water. Place the cover on the bean pot and let the meat cook in a moderate oven for two hours. Add the vegetables, with two teaspoonfuls of salt; cook until the vegetables are tender, which will require about an hour; then serve, pouring a sauce over the meat made from one cupful of the liquid in which the meat was cooked, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour.

Anna Thompson

A man traveling upon horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land.

"What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" he said. "A herd of cows

would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honor, wasn't I fencing it to keep the poor bastards out of it?"

"My husband," remarked a Philadelphia matron to a group of friends, "was a confirmed smoker with a tobacco heart when I married him a year ago, but to-day he never touches the weed."

"Good," said one of the group. "To break off a lifetime habit requires a strong will."

"Well, that's what I've got," said the wife.

Mr. Haymow—Maw, this letter from Hiram says his college crow has taken to the water.

Mrs. Haymow—Thanks be for that! I'm glad to see temperance is makin' some headway in them higher institutions.

"What kind of a fish is this, papa?" asked little Fred at breakfast.

"Planked shad, my son," was the reply.

"Well," continued Fred, "I wish Mary Ann had pulled the splinters out of the plank!"

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME.

We, A. E. Kauffmann and E. P. Kauffmann, do hereby certify that we have this first day of July, 1915, entered into co-partnership and will hereafter transact business as co-partners under the firm name and style of Kauffmann Bros.; that said A. E. Kauffmann and E. P. Kauffmann are the names of all the members constituting said co-partnership; that each of said persons resides in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California; that the principal place of business of said co-partnership is said City of South San Francisco.

Dated July 1, 1915.
A. E. KAUFFMANN,
E. P. KAUFFMANN.

State of California, County of San Mateo.—ss.
On this 1st day of July, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, before me, J. W. Coleberd, a Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared A. E. Kauffmann and E. P. Kauffmann, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the County of San Mateo, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

J. W. COLEBERD,
Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.
7-3-5t



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